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Vol. II.—No. 48. MANCHESTER, Saturday, July 10th. Price One Penny.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS during MAY and JUNE.

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1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
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4. Ambleside, and Hartley Coleridge.
5. Disley and Lyme Hall.
6. Paris as seen by a Manchester Man. Chap. I–II.

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1. Actors and Managers.
2. Jim Browne: Marie Wilton.
3. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. J. Hyde).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.
Whit-Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse).
The Stowell Memorial Church.
Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).

THE DRAMA:—
After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The King o' Scots at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.
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Mr. Phelps.
School at the Prince's.
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DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:—
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Umbrellas.
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" " II. "
Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
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The Flower Show at the Botanical Gardens.
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Our New J.P.'s.
The Grammar School: How the Capitation Scheme Works.
Velocipede Contests at the Amphitheatre.
The Poultry Market.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—
In an Attic.
The Man Himself (Sensation Music Hall Song).
The Happy Days of Childhood.
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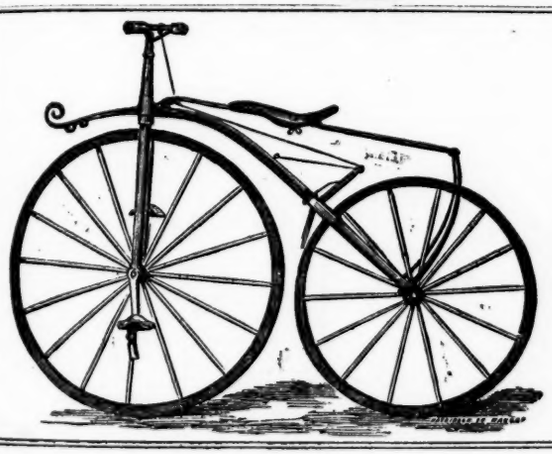

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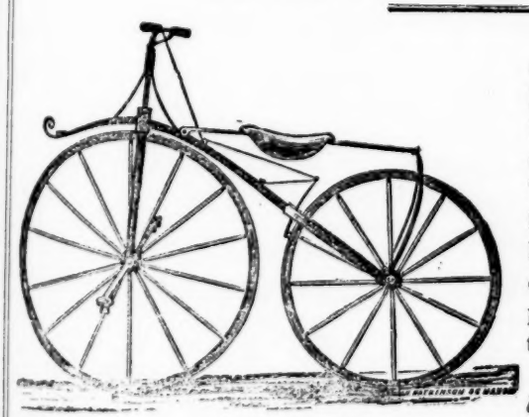

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Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto 8½d
10 Pieces Twill ditto 6¾d
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin .. .. .. 5¾d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces ⅝ Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d. to 21s. per dozen.
10 Dozen Towels .. .. 5½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. 7½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d., to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, new patterns, low prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ....8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ....9½d.
A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 1s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s.
Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen.. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 2½d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 4½d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 6½d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 9d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 2s. ,,
And so on to .. .. 9s. ,,
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s.
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

GROUND PLAN

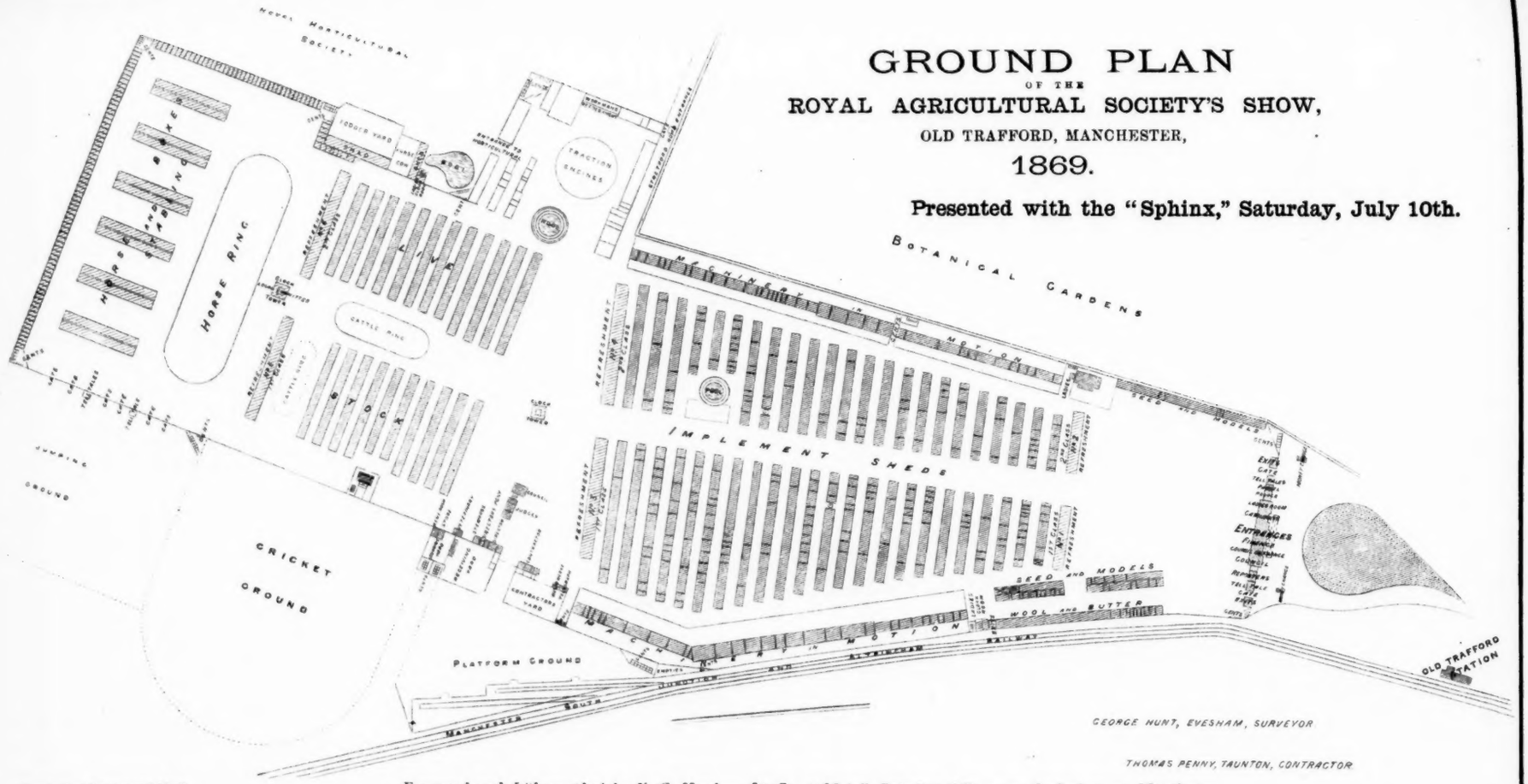
OF THE

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW,

OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER,

1869.

Presented with the "Sphinx," Saturday, July 10th.



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HOLIDAY NOTES.

THREE DAYS IN WILD WALES.

TIRED of the fierce life of the city streets, and plagued by that spirit of unrest born of them, which, like the feverish gad-fly that pursued poor Io, drives men out into waste places and to the shores of seas in search of the vital energy they have lost, we took the opportunity of a brief respite from business to explore a corner of that part of the island which, from the savage grandeur of some of its features, has not inappropriately been termed Wild Wales.

Starting out in the early morning, provided with the necessary knapsack and faithful staff, as we make our way through the streets to the station at Ordsal Lane, we pass early risers, who regard us and our accoutrements with looks that seem envious, and such as prisoners cast upon those who are released from captivity. Getting ourselves disentangled from the perplexed crowd of excursionists who throng the platform of the railway station, after some delay we get a fair start and rattle along cheerfully over the iron threads that stretch their long thin lines from the city to the very heart of the mountains whither we are going. At old Caerleon by Dee side, a city walled and towered, which men now call Chester, we cross the boundary and enter the land of the ancient Britons, the dark-browed Cymry. The river, broad and swift hereabouts, is noticeable, because the first day's journey will end at its source in the vale that lies at the foot of Arran Fowddy. Past Wrexham, and through the lovely vale of Llangollen, rich in mountain, wood, and stream, we hurry, noting as we go the beauty and symmetry of the Welsh bridges, built for the most part of grey stone, and arrive in due time at the little station of Bala, where we leave the train. Taking the road to the town that skirts the lower end of the lake, we again cross the Dee, and obtain from this point the finest view of the mere. The shores on each side are comparatively tame, but the upper reach, four miles away, has a grand background of mountains. We find Bala a quaint old town, with trees growing in its main streets, and quaint, old-fashioned people about it (the women, for the most part, engaged in knitting stockings as they walk along the road.) There is little stirring, save a few tourists about the doors of its hotel, and a company of militia, who are being paraded in the main street, and who straggle along in as orderly a fashion as Falstaff's ragged recruits. Having dined here, we retrace our steps by the lake, and skirt the road that leads to Dinas Mowddwy. To the pedestrian, if he be a minute observer, these Welsh roads and lanes are full of interest. Those that traverse the vales are luxuriant in their leafy greenness, and, as we pass along this one, we note the beauty and variety of wild flowers that grow about the hedgerows and moss-grown stone walls. Late departing primroses linger about and mix with "the faint sweet cuckoo flowers," violets, anemones, and many others there are, while the fresh fern fronds are bursting out in all directions. Further off, where the moorland dips down to the pasture land,

> The wild marsh marigold shines like fire
> In swamps and hollows grey.

Now and then, on either side, we pass dark fir plantations, fragrant with their sweet pine-wood scent, and often with a brawling stream rushing through them, the green carpet beneath the dark boles having a delicate cloud of hyacinthine colour floating above it. We pass clusters of cottages, of whitewashed stone and thatch, that look picturesque enough in the landscape, but whose squalid interiors will not admit of close inspection. From these, damsels with eyes like ox-eyed Juno, and rough, dark men look out on us as we pass. From most of these, snarling, yelping curs dart out upon us, and bark at our heels, as though detecting Saxon intruders. We remember what De Quincey has said about the dogs in the East, and the wise provision of stone heaps there. We adopt his remedy (which he declares to be infallible) of driving away curs by the action of stooping to pick a stone, and have the pleasure of proving the truth of what he says by seeing a more than usually offensive dog dart off at the first movement. Agriculture is at a low ebb hereabouts, the county of Merionethshire being one of the wildest parts of Wales, the lower slopes of the mountains are with difficulty brought into anything like cultivation. The peasants we pass as we near the higher grounds are, for the most part, employed in clearing the land of stones, a labour that seems endless, and as Herculean in its nature as the cleansing of the Augean stables. Presently, we begin to ascend Bwlch-y-Groes, or the Pass of the Cross, one of the most terrible in Wales. The road, for some distance, is cut from the mountain side, and shelves down sharply to the valley below. As the summit is reached, the savage grandeur increases. Here and there, across the valley to the right, between the mountains, we get glimpses of the dark frowning precipices of Arran, over which an awful stillness rests, the light mists smouldering about the bleak crags. The day being showery, these mist clouds sweep over the mountains like thin veils of gauze. Occasionally we get delicious bits of colouring, as when a pearly grey crag overhead stands clear against the deep blue of the sky, and, though it is early afternoon, shows the crescent moon peering over the edge of it. Pursuing this road, along wild tracts of peaty moorland, and by another pass, which takes us by the Dovey side, and down again between a glorious range of mountains, as the evening closes in, after our eighteen miles' walk, we reach the dreary looking little town of Dinas Mowddwy, which Mr. Borrow, in his *Wild Wales*, describes as being little more than a collection of filthy huts. The cheerlessness of this place, together with the fierce looking, red-haired men whom he found staggering about in drunken revelry, made him glad to leave it behind, and push on to the inn at Mallwyd. As we approach the best of the two indifferent looking inns, we pass among the rough miners hanging about it. The interior we find occupied in its best part by directors of a neighbouring slate quarry, who have arrived from Manchester to inspect it. The worst part, we find, is also occupied by a mingled company of Welsh and English, who are engaged in drinking. The latter, by their broad Lancashire oaths, we soon discover are also from Manchester, being workmen engaged at the neighbouring hall, the residence of Sir Edmund Buckley, Bart. Though the inn is full, we are unwilling to proceed further, and, therefore, avail ourselves of a bed out, at the neatest little cottage in the place, kept by some worthy Scotch folks, who display a pleasant refinement in their domestic arrangements.

On the morrow we leave this wild little town of Dinas Mowddwy (once the stronghold of red-haired banditti, who were the terror of Wales), and, taking the road to Cross Foxes, we go along a route untraversed by Mr. Borrow—whom, hitherto, we have followed from Bala. There is rich colouring on the mountains, and the golden gorse flames out brightly in the clear morning sunlight. As we go we remark the same alternations of mountain gloom and mountain glory as the day before. There is the glory of form and colour of crag and stream and feathery pine, but there is also the gloom of squalid poverty and hard-handed toil struggling with the barrenness that otherwise is so strangely beautiful. Picturesque cottages, shaded with grand Scotch firs, placed in situations that would delight an artist, are occupied by wretched peasants, poverty-stricken and uncleanly. We pass, also, solitary mountain chapels, where these people gather for worship, and, in a gloomy Methodism that has more of plaintive sadness than rejoicing in it, give expression to their strong national religious thought, the dark, deep pathos of which may be in some sort a reflection of their ill-fortunes as a race, and the sombre shadows of the mountains among which they dwell.

Another steep mountain road and a grand pass, and we reach the inn at Cross Foxes, attractive enough outside, but dreary within. Here we refresh and prepare to ascend Cader Idris, which rises from this place, the summit being distant six miles. After skirting the margin of a few cultivated fields, climbing sundry stone walls, brushing through the gorse, and floundering among boulders and treacherous mosses, we attack the mountain, and, reaching the higher ground, skirt the summit of a great precipice that forms one of the lower peaks of the mountain. Plodding on over the greensward to the right above this, and keeping our toes upwards, we descry the great Cader or chair of the giant Idris, far away above, which we reach after three hours' stiff climbing from

Cross Foxes. The cairn of stones which forms the chair stands on a ridge between two precipices, with a dark tarn lying in the hollow at the foot of each. We stand upon what is said to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and round about are strewed basaltic rocks. The mists that obscured the top have gone hence, but float threateningly about the neighbouring summits, creeping along the valleys and filling the dark gorges of the hills. A cloudy obscurity rests upon the distant view, partially hiding the grand outline of the Snowdon range on the north, and Plynlimmon on the south. Eastward, over lower elevations, we see the principality stretch out to Shropshire and the Wrekin. Westward, in misty indistinctness, the sea glimmers white in Cardigan Bay, the outline of the promontory of Carnarvonshire showing like a bank of grey cloud. Half a dozen lakes and tarns gleam out from the green in the plains and the hollows of the mountains. Below us, on the north side, Dolgelly, with its grey slaty-looking dwellings, nestles at the mountain foot, with a light purple smoke cloud hanging above it. The estuary of the Mawddach opens with a wide sandy reach into the bay, spanned by the railway bridge, that looks from here like the thin, gracefully-arched line of an old Roman viaduct, whilst Barmouth hangs, like Clovelly, upon the steep rocks on the right of the bar. Thither it is our purpose to descend; and, having rested awhile beneath the cairn, being duly refreshed from pipe and brandy flask, we turn our steps downwards. On the way we meet two young ladies, who are struggling upwards with a pony. We find they have sent back their guide with another pony, for some lost article of clothing, and are anxious to gain the summit. Offering assistance in leading the pony up the craggy path, which is accepted, we retrace our steps with them, and fasten the pony to the little shieling that has been built near the cairn. They are two frank, well-bred young ladies from Sussex, who have started out from Dolgelly "to see how far they can get." This mountain scenery is a new experience, and, as the mists threaten from time to time to envelope us, their only fear is that it will be wet. Waiting with them and explaining, as well as we can, the objects to be seen, presenting them also with a stone from "the very top" of the cairn, to take down as a memorial, when the guide returns we take our leave and drop down to Barmouth.

The descent down the steep grass slopes we find exceedingly fatiguing, but, after patient and very cautious steering, we reach the lower ground, but still have a long array of rocks over which to climb before we reach the little fishing town, that now shows clearer in the evening light. The broad, mountain-guarded estuary, with its sandy bar stretching wide to the sea, the bars of crimson cloud in the western sky, the little cluster of houses on the steep rocks, and the rich colouring of the hills, now deepening into shadow, make up a picture to which Turner alone could have done justice. Much of the delight of the scene is lost in the increasing sense of fatigue, as we make our way over the rough, rocky ground. Two lakes—silent and rock-guarded—we pass, and then drop down, through a pleasant wood, to the road below, that takes us through a straggling village to the mouth of the estuary, which we cross by the railway bridge as the night closes in over sea and shore. Here we rest for the night, on the edge of the sand, at the inn called Cors-y-gedol, where Mark Lemon and some of his *Punch* staff stayed last year. In the morning, we examine the queer little town, with its tiers of houses rising above each other, and reached by stairs cut in the rock. We ramble on the shore, and climb the heights above; and then, having loitered sufficiently, set out towards Dolgelly, by the side of the Mowddach, which runs between the mountain ridges, going along a road which, for ten miles of its length, is said to be unsurpassed in the kingdom, and which some enthusiasts have compared favourably with the scenery upon the banks of the Rhine.

We have not space to describe the quaint old town of Dolgelly, with its narrow, tortuous streets, where Owen Glendower held a parliament. From hence we start homewards, reaching town on the evening of the third day, believing, with Ruskin, that "the superiority of the mountains to the lowlands, in many delightful things, is as immeasurable as the richness of a painted window matched with a white one, or the wealth of a museum compared with that of a simply furnished chamber. They seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals: full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper."

SOME OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

DONE, VERY FREELY, INTO ENGLISH.

TO A WINE MERCHANT, ON HIS GOING OUT OF TOWN, AFTER SUPPLYING HIS FRIENDS WITH A LOT OF BAD WINE.

Best make haste back, for, if you stay,
Most of the fellows here will think
The reason why you keep away
Is that we've nothing fit to drink.

ON A RICH LADY OF A CERTAIN AGE.

What! marry Paula? She's too old. I couldn't.
Were she but older, I'm not sure I wouldn't.

TO ONE JEALOUS OF THE POET'S FAME.

Pull faces, do! be split with gall,
At any praise of me!
Be 't ever thine to envy all:
Be 't none's to envy thee!

ON A VAIN MAN WHO WORE EXPENSIVE DRESSES, WHICH HE DIDN'T PAY FOR, WHILE HE RIDICULED THE POORER DRESSES OF THOSE WHO DID.

My clothes are threadbare: not so, thine.
Your suit is nappy: mine is *mine*.

TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY, ON THE OTHER PHASE OF THEIR PROFESSION.

"Doctors turned undertakers!" Yes:
There's nothing odd in *that*, I guess;
The line of business is the same;
And no great difference in the name,
For *clinical*, in Greek (d'ye hear?),
Includes the sick bed and the bier.

ON AN IGNORANT PHYSICIAN WHO HAD DIED OF A RAPID FEVER.

His death by fever was a shame:
The Fever, too, was much to blame—
To put him straightway on the shelf,
Nor let the Doctor kill himself.

THE POET EXCUSES HIMSELF TO AN OSTENTATIOUS PATRON WHO HAD INVITED HIM TO DINNER TO MEET A POSSE OF NOBODIES.

Fair sir, you mustn't think me rude
Because I didn't come:
I cannot dine in solitude,
So met myself at home.

THE ATHLETIC FESTIVAL.

BEAUTIFUL Summer weather, a brilliantly hot afternoon, an afternoon to tempt anyone and everyone out of doors, and a goodly number gave way to the temptation. A capital programme, also—no less than thirty-one "events," including that novelty at an Athletic Festival which will soon cease to be a novelty anywhere, a Bicycle Race. The proceedings commenced, or were supposed to commence, at two o'clock, and, by three o'clock, there was a crowd sufficiently great to satisfy the most enthusiastic well-wisher to gymnastics generally, and Lancashire gymnastic clubs in particular.

The committee, who appear to have taken immense pains this year to secure good management, failed conspicuously in two important particulars—the gymnastics were imperfectly seen, or were not seen at all, by the majority of the people on the ground, and the races were run without the slightest regard to punctuality. Why, we may ask, was the gymnastic platform so much lower in height than on the previous occasion? In 1868 the performers were raised some five or six feet from the ground, and everyone, whether in the paddock or on either side of the race-course—could easily watch the fencing and other contests, without, as on Saturday last, having to push close to the rails, and either be inconvenienced himself, or inconvenience other people. Of course, so far as the stands were concerned, the platform this year was

high enough, but from the paddock, and from the ground generally, those only who were in front could see with any comfort. As regards the races, which took place on the course, the intervals between them grew longer and longer as the afternoon advanced. After the Quarter-mile Flat Race, for instance, it seemed as if the time-keeper had gone to bed. True, a fight happened during this interval, and a race not down on the programme, between a policeman and one of the crowd; but, had the volunteers assembled for their race, which came next, very likely the people would have quickly returned, and the police might have discharged their duty without let or hindrance. As it was, the Quarter-mile Flat Race took place about 5.35, and the Volunteers' Race (also quarter-mile) not until 6.25, or fifty minutes afterwards. This latter race ought to have been run at 5.30! The 220-Yards Hurdle Race was down for 5.45; it was actually run at 6.40. The Quarter-mile Hurdle Race came off at 7.12, instead of six o'clock. And when about 7.30, the time appointed for the *last* race, we left the ground—having been present more than five hours—the Two Mile Flat Race had not yet been run, nor the competitors mustered for it. This—the most interesting pedestrian contest of the day—was down on the programme for 6.30, and the Dumb-Bell Exercises, Wide Jumping, and Half-mile Flat Race had still to follow.

We are perfectly aware that the programme was a long one, and that certain latitude must be given to the committee at an athletic fête; still the indulgence of the British public was terribly and, we cannot but think unnecessarily, taxed on Saturday last. Let us look more closely at the programme. It was divided into fifteen pedestrian and sixteen gymnastic contests. These two divisions should have been, and perhaps were, under separate and distinct committees of management. They clashed in no way, except in the case of the cricket ball throwing, which took place on the race-course. Otherwise, the gymnastic contests were confined to the platform and the adjoining enclosure, while the course was (or ought to have been) kept clear for the fifteen races. Now, the latitude spoken of above is required simply by the gymnastic contests. Fencing, Single-Stick, and the Trapeze take up indefinite periods. But a race is a different affair altogether. The longest, *i.e.*, the Two Mile Race, last Saturday, only consumed 10 minutes and 28¼ seconds; and when the committee arranged their programme they should either have allowed longer intervals between the different events, or not have had so many races, or else have kept afterwards as strictly as possible to the times set down. Perhaps it will be said that the same men ran again and again, as, for instance, Duckworth and Walkden in the short, and Kenyon and Snow in the long, races, and so the committee lengthened the intervals out of consideration for the exhausted frames of the runners—even as they inverted the order of the 200-Yards Flat Races, in order, we presume, to allow Mr. Duckworth a chance of competing. This instance, by the way, is almost fatal to the argument. Mr. Duckworth had just been tiring himself (if such a thing be possible) by standing and running high jumps. He walked straight to the starting point, and, with scarcely a minute's rest, ran the hundred yards and came in first, although Walkden and the other competitors had been resting since the 220-Yards Hurdle Race, which was run about an hour before. The fact is, the long and short races were run alternately, and brought out two different sets of competitors. Even if the times set down on the programme had been observed, there would have been an interval of an hour and a half between the One Mile Flat Race and One Mile Steeple Chase, and of two hours and half between this latter and the Two Mile Flat Race. These seem quite sufficient; but, if not, we really cannot understand why faith should be broken with the public, in order that one or two men may carry off a succession of prizes.

Looking generally at the result of the afternoon's racing, we may say that the long races lay at the mercy of Kenyon and Snow, while the short ones were a foregone conclusion for Duckworth and Walkden. Very pleasant it is to see the best men win; but at a "Grand Athletic Festival," open not only to the county, but to all England, nay, to Great Britain and Ireland, surely it would be better—*i.e.*, there would be larger fields, and greater interest excited—if more men had a chance of winning *something*—we do not say the champion medal or cup, but at least a race or two. Be it by handicaps, or consolation races, or at any rate by not lengthening the stated intervals between any two events, we think that some change ought to be made. Then for the championship there might be a final race between all the previous winners. At the same time, let it be fully understood that, on this occasion, we fully recognise the merits of the four gentlemen above mentioned, and heartily congratulate them on their well earned success.

Turning now to the gymnastic contests, we wish the committee would in future display the numbers of the successful competitors upon the telegraph post, after each contest, and in proper order. It would be a great boon to the unenlightened public, who are often not sufficiently *au fait* at fencing or single-stick, to tell which competitor has the best of a nicely balanced encounter. In the Fencing, which came first, each pair of combatants fenced for five minutes, to show style alone, previous to contending for hits. This arrangement proved, as we expected, a faulty one, as, when playing for mere style the competitors with but one exception (Mr. Holliday), appeared to think of nothing but the assumption of showy attitudes, and almost totally disregarded the necessity of making hits. This was especially apparent in the case of Messrs. Gilton and Holliday. While fencing for style alone, no fault could be found with the attitude of either. On the commencement, however, of the contest for hits, the elegance of the former gentleman vanished completely, and he scrambled in his points anyhow. Mr. Holliday, on the other hand, preserved his coolness of demeanour and brilliancy of execution, from first to last, and we cannot be too warm in our commendation of the graceful strength of his position, and the celerity of his attack and defence. He proved an easy victor. There were but three competitors in the Single-Stick Exercises—Messrs. Holliday, Gilton, and Lowe. In the first heat, between Holliday and Lowe, the hits were even on both sides, but Mr. Lowe's style of play in rushing headlong at his opponent, placed him at a disadvantage, and the heat was decided in favour of Holliday. In the final contest, between Holliday and Gilton, the former lost through a tendency to make counter-hits, and it is due to Mr. Gilton to say that by his smartness with the single-stick, he quite regained the ground lost with the foil. The same competitors met again in the Sabre *versus* Bayonet. *Apropos* of this, we are sorry to see the single-stick substituted for the more attractive and business-like steel sabre. The first bout between Messrs. Gilton and Lowe, terminated very quickly in favour of the former, who has evidently had considerable practice at this kind of work. Mr. Holliday had even less trouble in disposing of his antagonist, Mr. Henry, for whose hand the ponderous musket seemed far too heavy. In the final bout, the activity displayed by Mr. Holliday in avoiding the artistic thrusts of Mr. Gilton with the bayonet, was simply marvellous. During the first part of the contest they were nearly even as regards points, the score being slightly in favour of Gilton, but after changing weapons, Holliday, with the mighty weapon of the British foot soldier, soon turned the scale in his own favour, and carried off the first prize.

It will, perhaps, be interesting to our readers to place the afternoon's work of the principal winners side by side, remembering that each gold-centred medal counted for six marks, each silver medal for five, and each bronze medal for four:—

	Gold-centred Medals.	Silver Medals.	Bronze Medals.	Total Marks.
Duckworth	—	4	3	32
Walkden	—	3	2	23
Gilton	—	2	3	22
Kenyon	3	—	—	18
Holliday	—	2	2	18
Snow	—	2	1	14

Mr. Duckworth only scored 22 points in the pedestrian contests, against Mr. Walkden's 23; nevertheless, he received the Pedestrian Champion's Medal and Challenge Cup, while Mr. Walkden, it appears, had to be content with a silver cup. We presume that Mr. Duckworth's success in the high and wide jumping, with the two silver medals won thereby, procured him the first place; but we scarcely think it fair to combine gymnastic with pedestrian points for a purely pedestrian prize.

The Velocipede Race excited great interest. The start was rare fun, though the race itself proved a hollow victory for Mr. Richardson. Curious groups gathered round each bicycle, both before and after the race, and, to judge from their eager scrutiny and critical remarks, the mania is still on the increase. Two riders in velvet coats performed various evolutions in the "promenade enclosure," distracting the attention of the spectators from both platform and race-course. We shall *all* be velocipeding soon.

The extempore race, which took place after the Quarter Mile Flat Race, and to which we have already alluded, was very amusing—a delightful relief from the utter stagnation which reigned while the committee decided when they would run the next race. What the offender had done we know not, but he gave the policeman a stiff chase of half across the race-ground. Finding that he was losing ground, he turned, knocked the bobby down, and fell over him. After that, the crowd closed round, and we thought the affair was over—but no: out shot our friend (at least we suppose it was the same man) again, and made for the wooden palings, followed again by one (let us say the same) bobby, and he, in turn, by the multitude. The fugitive reached the palings, and mounted them. Bobby rushed up—made a snatch at one foot—missed—came down on *this* side, while pursued went down on the other. Bobby rushed up to his feet, scrambled over the palings, and disappeared, in his turn. Populace, arrived at the palings, discreetly looked over, but forbore to cross, thinking, probably, of the repayment necessary to enter again. Scene closed.

One word to the British public, before we close. If you wish gymnastics, and this annual gymnastic fête, to flourish, try to help the committee and their servants to preserve order; and, even more important still, don't degrade these exhibitions of pure training and skill into mere opportunities for offering and taking bets. We have need to offer this last bit of advice, if our ears did not strangely deceive us last Saturday afternoon.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE Rev. Joseph Parker, of Cavendish Chapel, has received a second call from the congregation of the Poultry Chapel, in London, and this time he has accepted it. The Poultry Chapel was built in 1642, and is, we believe, the oldest Independent place of worship in the City. The building has, however, been sold, and, as it is situated in the heart of Cheapside, the sum obtained for a plot of land so valuable is, of course, a large one. With the proceeds a handsome and more imposing temple is to be erected—where, we have not heard, but doubtless at some distance from the old historical site. A large edifice requires a popular preacher; the congregation think they have found such a man in Dr. Parker. Their first application he refused; to their second, accompanied with the offer of a stipend of £2,000 a year, he succumbed. We wonder whether Mr. Joseph Johnson will include Dr. Parker in the next edition of his *Famous Boys who became Great Men*. The reverend gentleman began life as a stonemason in his native village, Hexham; became a local preacher among the Wesleyans; seceded at the time of the disruption in 1847, and joined the Independents. And lo! in little more than twenty years he has climbed to the highest pinnacle of Independency. We wonder, too, what are the feelings of the frequenters of Cavendish Street Chapel, in regard to the Dr.'s seemingly ungrateful desertion of a congregation to whom he owes so much.

In anticipation of the Royal visit, the Corporation have been polishing up the Albert monument. Cleaning a statue is a work which at any time requires delicate handling, but the authorities seem to think any sort of treatment will do. Accordingly, they entrusted the work of renovation to some day-labourers, who set to work with a vengeance, and scrubbed and scoured the statue and the allegorical figures and carvings on the monument with coarse sand-sheet. A few more washings of this sort, and the features of the Good Prince will soon be obliterated. The sooner the statues belonging to the town are handed over to the keeping of some competent and responsible person the better. The Piccadilly statues of "The Duke" and Sir R. Peel are in a forlorn condition, and Mr. Dalton and James Watt resemble Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny more than anything else. However, it is better to have them begrimed with soot and dirt, than deliberately cause them to be rubbed away and "pass into nothingness."

The testimonial mania is assuming a most unpleasant and unlooked-for form, when it resolves itself into a movement for the presentation of big pictures that nobody wants, but which it is almost impossible to refuse. A huge canvas, entitled "The Condemned Cell," professedly intended as a memorial tribute to Mr. Thomas Wright, the "prison philanthropist," was last week handed over with much ceremony to the council of the city of London; and we hear, with dismay, that similar canvases are to be given, at no very distant date, to the councils of Manchester and Salford. One is to be called "The Convict," the other "The Ragged School," and both are to embody the lineaments of Mr. Wright. We readily believe Mr. Wright's assertion that his part in the business was a very reluctant one. We are tolerably sure the authorities at the Guildhall in London are in a position quite as unenviable; and we wish something could be done to rescue Manchester and Salford from a repetition of the infliction.

As a class, we respect magistrates' clerks. They have a curious lot of masters to keep as straight as they can, and they generally prevent them from wobbling about too egregiously. But the clerk of the county magistrates—J. W. Maclure, Dr. Royle, and other eminent justices—by name Mr. Rutter, recently gave utterance to a remark which seems to us very foolish. We know nothing more about the facts of the case than what we have gleaned from several newspaper reports, but it was a charge of over-driving against a coachman in the service of the Stretford Omnibus Company. He was racing with a Flixton 'bus, and wantonly lashed one of his team furiously. The magistrates imposed a fine, for the payment of which the accused craved time; whereupon Mr. Rutter remarked that his employers ought to pay the money! The Stretford Omnibus Company employ a man to drive their horses properly, and he abuses them: the company not only remunerate him for deteriorating their property, but a public officer informs them that they ought to pay a fine imposed upon him for abusing it to such an extent as to render himself a nuisance to the community! Verily, Mr. Rutter ought to write a book on the *Whole Duty of Omnibus Companies*. Doubtless, he would be of opinion that they ought to pay their passengers for riding on their vehicles, and give their ostlers extra wages for stealing their corn. *Rutter on Absurdity* would however, be a work of greater authority.

The anecdote about Madlle. Patti's being too hoarse to sing at Covent Garden, but the Marchioness of Caux's not being too hoarse to sing at Marlborough House, last Friday week, shows that, in future, we shall have to mix with our admiration of Madlle. Patti a considerable amount of contempt for the Marchioness of Caux. Setting aside the unpardonable dishonour of breaking faith with the public, and concealing the breach by telling something which we will not specify, we should have thought that Madlle. Patti, with her name, and fame, and her experience of empresses, would have been above the temptations of a prince and a pasha. But no outward circumstances seem to be able to overcome the inherent littleness of a woman's mind. Even so far as personal vanity was concerned, it would have been a much prouder thing for her to have declined than to have accepted the invitation she succumbed to. Madlle. Patti is in a position to do what she likes with impunity; but, henceforth, something else than delight must be associated with her name. We cannot help thinking it was a gross breach of good manners that she should be asked to break an engagement; but that is no excuse for her compliance with the request; and we are sorry indeed to see her condescend to such a depth of female pettiness.

It is to be hoped that all past, present, and future jurors have observed that the recent Manchester verdict of £4,000 against a railway company, in favour of a Mr. Sagar, has been set aside by the full Court of Common Pleas; and a new trial granted, unless the plaintiff chooses to accept £2000 in satisfaction of his claim. Welcome as this decision is, in these days when it is next to impossible for a railway company to obtain justice, it is exasperating to notice how carefully Mr. Justice Willes, in delivering the judgment of the court, endeavoured not to hurt the feelings of the jury; which, according to the judge's own opinion, had deliberately sacrificed its oath to its inclination. The tolerant manner in which lawyers treat juries, and the affection which they display towards them, is truly wonderful in men who have their stupidness, their obstinacy, their injustice, and their perjury thrust upon their notice more than any other class of the community. We venture to think that in cases like these, moderation is misplaced. It is a duty to hurt the feelings of men who make a mockery of law.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

We have all of us heard of the *Pall Mall Gazette*,
Whose contributors are so *recherché* a set;
For which "gentlemen" write with the greatest of ease,
Or decline to do, just as they happen to please;
Which never pays less than two guas. and a half
For the feeblest discourse by the stupidest calf;
And whose staff are such dear little dandified loves,
It is whispered they all go to bed in their gloves.

We have all of us noticed the *Pall Mall Gazette*,
And its superfine mien we shall never forget;
With its cream-coloured paper and old-fashioned types,
Its abhorrence of journalists given to pipes
And to brandy—"hot with"—and to working the chords
Of the hearts of their readers, its letters from lords,
Its delight in the large and its scorn of the small,
And its haughty "Price Twopence" on top of it all.

We have all of us seen how the *Pall Mall Gazette*
Was the darling of readers, of writers the pet;
Was deferred to, and quoted, by every one;
And in long and in short, was a very great gun:
It could say what it liked, upon every head;
And a good deal it did, had been better unsaid;
But its dearest delight was no more and no less
Than to sneer at the penny and halfpenny press.

Now, the high and the arrogant *Pall Mall Gazette*
Did retributive justice resolve to upset;
So it started the *Echo*—a halfpenny sheet—
Which was pushed by the newsboys in every street.
Began railways and roadways with *Echoes* to swarm,
And the *Pall Mall Gazette* felt uncommonly warm;
Till there came a reaction, by which it was told
It was rapidly getting left out in the cold.

Multitudinous deeds did the *Pall Mall Gazette;*
For it criticised books, and opinions it set;
It gave cabinet-ministers numerous rubs,
And it even presumed to admonish the clubs.
There was only one thing it omitted to do,
Yet its thankless proprietors looked Prussian blue—
An appearance explained by the fact that they say,
That the thing it omitted to do was—to pay.

How the mighty are fallen! The *Pall Mall Gazette*
Its contempt for the penny has had to forget;
For the *Pall Mall Gazette* was perched up on a wall,
And the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it has had a great fall:
It is squatted plebeianly munching the pie
It was making *so* humble, when mounted on high.
Oh, retributive justice! oh, wormwood and gall!
The *Pall Mall Gazette* has to sing very small.

Ignominious downfall! How, *Pall Mall Gazette*,
Thy internal economy must be upset!
Imagine the "gentlemen's" pallid dismay,
When they heard there was only a penny to pay!
Try and picture their aristocratic despair,
To be told that their wit was unsaleable ware!
And just fancy their acrid hysterical laughs,
When they thought of the chuckling of workaday staffs!

Oh, the taste of the leek! Not the *Pall Mall Gazette*
On the height of a wall will a second time get.
Now it's tumbled deservedly down from the top,
On its rubbing its shins had the curtain best drop.
Be thou praised, righteous fortune, for giving to nobs
The unpleasantest pill thou could'st force upon snobs;
May it teach priggish scribes to know better than sneer
At a paper for nothing but not being dear!

"JOS: HERON."

"SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them" by a letter from Mr. Gladstone. But although the case of Mr. Heron apparently comes within the third class of greatness, we suspect it may be relegated to the second. Effects have causes. When, at a social gathering, a gentleman suddenly jumps up and presents another gentleman with a purse, as a slight token of the esteem and regard felt for him by the rest of the assembly; and that other gentleman rises, with tears of emotion in his eyes, and professes that this unexpected expression of their kind feeling towards him has really quite deprived him of his parts of speech—we all know perfectly well that he has been secretly consulted as to whether he would prefer the testimonial to be in money or in kind. Similarly, when Mr. Gladstone trusted that the intimation to Mr. Heron of Her Majesty's "approval" of his being knighted would "not be displeasing" to him, we feel strongly inclined to suppose that Mr. Gladstone had a good foundation for his trustfulness. However that may be, the result justified the anticipation: Mr. Heron—regarding, like a loyal subject, the expression of Her Majesty's approval as equivalent to her command—accepted his fate with becoming resignation. Consequently—there being something in the good fortune of our friends which is not entirely pleasing to us—a goodly number of the citizens of Manchester resent a little a proceeding which, doubtless, they consider as rather a slight upon themselves. What has the man done—whose name they associate chiefly with uprooted pavements, pick-axes, a troop of navvies, two hideous boilers, nasty-smelling tar, and barricades with notices upon them, that "This Road is Stopped"—to merit being raised to a social rank above them all? In short, their "*clerk*" has been treated with greater consideration than themselves; and they don't like it. Why should these invidious distinctions be made? Haven't we paid him well for all he's done? Haven't we let him domineer over us as much as he liked? Haven't we allowed him to go to London as often as he chose? And isn't this an ungrateful return to make for all our kindness? It is humiliating. We used to be able to console ourselves, under our subjection, with the comforting reflection that he was only a clerk, after all—*our* clerk. But now we are debarred from even this short cut to consolation. That Road is Stopped—By Order—Sir Joseph Heron. We may, indeed, endeavour to delude ourselves that *we* are elevated by the elevation of our clerk. We may ask ourselves—If our clerk is great, how great are *we?* We may try and derive self-satisfaction from the thought that we have a knight in our employment—that we can order a dignitary about. But it won't do. We know that it is he who orders us about; and that everybody else knows it, too. We picture him, in an embroidered dressing-gown, reclining on a purple couch, sipping at nectar, and fumigating the aromatic cigarette; and we feel our miserable inferiority. We may call him "clerk," but we know it is a hollow mockery. Our mouths are shut with shame, and our ears are ringing with the words of Helen, in the *Hunchback*:—

Mark him, as he comes up the avenue;
So looks a clerk! A clerk has such a gait!
So does a clerk dress, Julia—mind his hose—
They're very like a clerk's! A diamond loop
And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat—
Oh, certainly a clerk! A velvet cloak,
Jerkin of silk, and doublet of the same—
For all the world, a clerk! See, Julia, see,
How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,
That he may first go in—a very clerk!
I'll learn of thee, love, when I'd know a clerk.

Since, then, one half of Manchester is asking the other half if it ever, and the other half is replying that it never—it may be not out of place to attempt a short enumeration of Mr. Heron's merits.

Mr. Heron is the first town-clerk in the country. We may make that assertion from our own experience of his proficiency, and from the fact that whenever inquiry is made of the government as to the working of municipal corporations, the inquirers are referred to Mr. Heron, as the highest authority on the subject, and as the chief officer of that one municipality in the country which is kept in the best working order. Irrespectively of the knowledge he has gained by long and large experience, as well as great professional and personal abilities, his signal excellence is his consummate knowledge of the world, that understanding of the characters of men, that comprehension of their qualities all round, and that discernment how to manage them; that knowledge of how things go, that perception of how they are brought about, and that capacity of bringing them about—which do so much more than intellect, and even influence, to effect a purpose. It is this quality which has principally made him at once the master, and the valuable servant, of the corporation. That body has been twitted with its clerk's supremacy, and its position with respect to him has sometimes seemed a little undignified; but, after all, welfare is worth more than dignity; and, upon the whole, it is as well that a heterogeneous and fluctuating body like the council should possess a permanent official in one who has the capability to advise and direct, as well as to serve. Both these qualities are necessary in a good town-clerk, and Mr. Heron has both in an eminent degree. While everybody allows his capacity to guide, nobody who knows anything about him will deny his great capacity to serve—when he is made. Added to this, his constant dealings with important matters, state occasions, extensive properties, and big amounts, for a long series of years, have naturally given him a large acquaintance and influence amongst important people. Having always gone amongst them with an official influence, and had the authority of a powerful corporation behind his back, he has been enabled to take up a position, and assume an air amongst them, which has been, and is, of an advantage to that corporation which it is difficult to estimate. He is able to talk to people who are still more influential in their turn, in a tone which another man would find it impossible to assume for many years; because, in people's estimation of him, is concentrated all the influence he has wielded amongst them during his and their whole life. Moreover, it is not every man—indeed, it is only a man here and there—who is personally qualified to assume an important mien, either in respect of education, talents, manners, or assurance. In fact, in personal influence, Mr. Heron is almost worthy of comparison with William Sale himself. This quality is worth much more to Manchester than any actual labours or specific performances—in which it is occasionally said that Mr. Heron is deficient. For our part, we cannot think that anyone in Mr. Heron's place can possibly help doing a large amount of work; but even if he did not, the qualities we have alluded to are just as worthy of remuneration as mere toil. If a man can get his work done without being a slave, he is a very sensible and lucky person; and we have not noticed many instances of Mr. Heron's work being left undone.

But what "services to the municipality" is Mr. Heron's knighthood to be given in recognition of? Well, we don't know that in the doing of his duty by the town, Mr. Heron has particularly sacrificed himself. We never heard of his cutting off his right hand or plucking out his left eye, as a token of his devotion to the municipality; neither do we know what particular advantage would have been derived from any such painful proofs of attachment. Nor do we suppose that he has led an ascetically self-denying life in the service of the corporation. He has been paid a good salary; he has had abundance of good dinners. We cannot look upon his journeys to London altogether in the light of martyrdoms; and if he *has* worn tight boots all his life, it was to please himself, not us. Altogether, we imagine he has had a pretty pleasant time of it. But he has well performed his duties; and it is said that his experience and ability have saved the city large amounts of money. By the recent pulling of a certain clause in the Deansgate Improvement Bill through the House of Lords—a result mainly brought about by the admirable manner in which he gave his evidence, and bore the cross-examination of a phalanx of opposing counsel—we believe, the city has been saved some £100,000. Of course, this sort of thing all comes in the day's work; and, you may say, you don't see any reason why he should be knighted for it. Neither do we. And his being made a knight will have its inconveniences. But he *is* to be made one; and there is, at least, more sense in knighting such a man, and for such services, than there is in knighting somebody simply because he has entertained a prince, or been in office when a princess paid a visit to his town. The little matter may, perhaps, have been arranged by some of the important friends to whom Mr. Heron's journeys to London have introduced him; but what of that? These little matters always *are* arranged by somebody or other; and so far as fitness for dignity goes, Mr. Heron is only too well qualified to be advanced to the degree of those with whom he will be put upon a level. Mr. Heron, ladies, is a bachelor; but if our own inferior knowledge of the world does not mislead us, it will not be for want of encouragement that he will long remain so now.

Although we do not see any valid reason why Mr. Heron should be made a knight, we neither grudge him what is meant for an honour, nor are we sorry that it is to be bestowed upon him. On the contrary, we hail with satisfaction the fact that it is being given for desert, and not for chance. We are glad to see a title granted to a person who is not connected with the army, although we cannot hope that so exceptional a circumstance will be allowed to grow into a precedent. As knights go, it is a condescension for a gentleman who really deserves the dignity of knighthood, to accept it; and we do not know that Mr. Heron is not to be thanked for performing the public service of contributing, at some self-sacrifice, towards elevating the condition of the dignity. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump: but it is an awful lump to leaven. When we contemplate it, we cannot help feeling rather thankful that it is Mr. Heron who is to be knighted, and not us.

SHAM ARCHITECTURE.

A CORRESPONDENT mentions that a writer in a Manchester periodical told his readers how a certain suburban church there was furnished with "a turret for a sanctus bell;" the turret in question being, in point of fact, the vestry chimney! We think the architect much more to blame for putting up a chimney in such a position and making it appear to be what it is not, than the writer in the *Sphinx* for mistaking it. The most grievous offence of which an architect can be guilty is a "sham" of this most ridiculous nature.—*Musical Standard.*

THE SUNDAY LEAGUE.—The three mile tramp for spirituous refreshment.

THE AGITATION AGAINST VACCINATION.

AT the present moment small-pox is prevalent both in Manchester and Salford. At the very time this dire disease is cutting down, or at the least permanently disfiguring, its victims, a society of misguided men are doing their best to upset the faith in, and to prejudice the minds of the general public against, the only yet discovered preventative and palliative of this awful scourge. In the hope of reassuring to some extent the doubtful, and strengthening the wavering, we will endeavour, as concisely as possible, to expose one or two of the chief fallacies of these anti-vaccination agitators.

In the first place, these opponents of vaccination allege that vaccination affords no protection from small-pox. Indeed Dr. Dupré urges that vaccination only renders persons more liable to infection. Now, during the ten years from 1790 to 1800, there were in London 1,780 deaths from small-pox, the population being 261,233. In the four years ending 1841, there were 1,659 deaths from small-pox, with a population of 1,948,369; and in the fourteen years ending 1855, there were only 821 deaths, with a population of 2,373,799. After this illustration is it not astonishing that men can be found absurd or ignorant enough to deny the influence of vaccination over small-pox? The same result, only much more marked on account of its more rigid enforcement, followed the introduction of vaccination abroad. Before 1800 the mortality from small-pox was 65 per 1,000 of all deaths; *after* 1800 it fell to 7 per 1,000.

We next come to the assertions designed by these agitators to distress and frighten the timid. Having slurred over or misquoted the before mentioned facts, they proceed to describe the evil effects of vaccination. Here again statistics will overthrow our adversaries. The following table shows the death rate both before and after the introduction of vaccination:—

AVERAGE ANNUAL DEATH RATES IN LONDON, FROM ALL CAUSES AND AT ALL AGES.

1629 to 1635	500	per 10,000 living.
1660—1679	800	" "
1728—1757	520	" "
1771—1780	500	" "
... ...		" "
1801—1810	292	" "
1831—1835	320	" "
1840—1854	249	" "

The improvement, it will be noticed, commences with the introduction of vaccination. Again, taking the deaths of children under five years old in London, the proportion between 1730–1749 and 1810–1829 is represented by the figures 74·5 and 31·8. That is, the deaths in the vaccination period are one-half less than those in the pre-vaccination period. It is also possible to prove that neither fever or consumption have increased since the introduction of vaccination.

After a careful examination of all the pros and cons of the question, we believe the evidence is demonstrably and emphatically on the side of vaccination. We do not deny that, occasionally, harm, or apparent harm, may follow the operation; but, carefully and skilfully performed, the risk is nil.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH.

[THE REV. W. F. BIRCH, M.A.]

THE church dedicated to the Saviour is situate at the junction of Upper Brook Street with Plymouth Grove, and was erected somewhat more than thirty years ago. In its outward architectural features it presents little that is interesting or attractive, and were we disposed to be critical, we should say that if it is not an ugly building, it is by no means a handsome one. The style is classic, and in its sombre heaviness contrasts strongly with the modern florid decorated gothic which at present prevails so largely in ecclesiastical architecture. It is a spireless, domeless, solid square of stone and stucco, with a heavy porch ornamented by two huge stone pillars. The railed and walled space around it, which encloses on each side a strip of ground for graves, is pleasantly relieved in front by trees, shrubs, and flowers. It has a bell, of the existence of which we have had oral proof, but whether it is lodged in a belfry, or whence the sound of it proceeds, we have never been able to guess. On the whole, however, in spite of its architectural defects, it is a most respectable looking edifice, and harmonises well with the genteel tree-fringed residences by which it is flanked. Associations are stronger than architectural attractions, and doubtless in the sight of those who have been accustomed to worship within its walls, the place is comely enough. It is a consoling reflection that the salvation of men's souls does not depend upon the good or bad taste of the buildings within which they worship, otherwise many of us would indeed be in a "parlous" state. Passing this church in our daily walks, we have come to conceive a strong respect for it. There is such an air of serious work in its grave, solid form, which appearance we know is amply borne out by the healthy life which animates it. But we must confess that the origin of its name has in some measure puzzled us, insomuch that on the occasion of one of our visits, we were inclined to enquire of that friendly apparitor (who, on a moment's acquaintance, chatted so pleasantly with us about the weather), and ask—why SAINT Saviour's? A fear lest we should disturb the good opinion he had apparently formed of us, led us to abstain from putting the question. We imagine the word Saint must here be used in an adjective sense to mean holy, but there is something anomalous in the use of it, and "the Saviour's Church," or "the Church of the Saviour," would have sounded better. The outward respectability of the church is reflected inside, in the admirably clean appearance of all the furniture. The aisles are trim and neat, and the light glances from the highly polished surfaces of the mahogany in the pews and elsewhere.

The congregation has always been, and remains still, a somewhat fashionable, though mixed one. The neighbourhood, once very select, but now showing slight signs of decay and mixture with inferior elements, still retains a large proportion of genteel inhabitants, who resort to the church. An unusual number of grave and reverend seigniors and stately dowagers, with their offspring, impart to the place a dignified family appearance. The tone of the church is evangelical, and the service is in keeping with this. The unsurpliced choir are grouped about the pulpit in a rather crowded fashion, but perform their duties in a respectable manner. A lack of unison is now and then perceptible, which a little more careful training might remedy. It is needless to say that, in a church of this kind, that the service is not a cathedral one. The chanting is limited, the congregation being required to speak the creed, and other portions of the service and responses, thereby producing that peculiar sound resembling

> The moan of doves * * *
> And murmur of innumerable bees.

For thirty years since the foundation of the church the rectorship was well and ably held by the Rev. Canon Birch, who recently received a preferment, at the hands of the Bishop of Manchester, and became Vicar of Blackburn. The name of Birch has followed Birch, in rectory and pulpit, and the son of the late rector reigns in his stead. The Rev. Canon Birch held a high position as a preacher, and possessed the power of drawing and retaining a large congregation, who were remarkable for their affection and fidelity to their pastor. To retain this allegiance, and keep up the prestige of the church, is no light task for his successor. "Comparisons are odorous," but, nevertheless, people will institute them. We are glad to find, however, that the church has not appreciably suffered from the change in its administration. We have paid two visits to it; on one occasion having the Rev. W. F. Birch, M.A., and on the other his curate, the Rev. W. N. Keeling, M.A. The new rector is decidedly youthful in his appearance, and is not altogether without embarrassment in the pulpit. There is more about him that betokens the quiet, thoughtful student, than the enthusiastic preacher. His sermon was plain, sincere, and earnest, partaking more of the homily than the learned discourse. There are two ways of estimating sermons. We may look at them from an intellectual point of view, regarding what is said by the preacher as something to be clearly demonstrated, and logically proved; and, estimating them in this way, there may be no end to our fastidiousness of taste concerning the mental power of the preacher, and the quality of what he sets forth. We may also regard sermons in an emotional way, accepting what is said as a message inspired, and applying no criticism to its arguments, or the

manner of its delivery. If we can bring ourselves to do this, it is astonishing how little is required of pulpit oratory, provided the sermon is of reasonable length. It is equally astonishing, too, how few are the sermons required if people would only make up their minds to lead devout Christian lives, without needing to be so frequently reminded of their duty. The Rev. W. F. Birch is not a brilliant preacher, and makes no pretensions to such; but he can tell plain truths to his congregation in a plain way, and, if he succeeds in this, though he may lack some of the rarer qualities which marked his predecessor, his congregation may be willing to forego these, and love the son for the father's sake.

His curate, the Rev. W. N. Keeling, M.A., is apparently a fair average preacher, but without anything specially angular in his constitution. We have heard him but once; and, though the sermon was not remarkable for any great breadth or depth of thought, we imagine it was scarcely a fair sample of his powers.

During the long pastorate of the Rev. Canon Birch, St. Saviour's became too small for the increasing population of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, and two churches and two congregations may be said to have branched off from it. The Rev. William Doyle, one of Mr. Birch's curates, was successful in obtaining funds for the erection, in 1853, of St. Stephen's Church, in Everton Road; and another, the Rev. E. Hewlett, was instrumental in the building of St. Paul's Church, in Brunswick Street, about the year 1860. Nor ought we to forget, among Canon Birch's other claims to grateful remembrance, his efforts in the cause of education. St. Saviour's schools, in Higher York Street, off Clifford Street, have attained, under the able management of Mr. W. A. Patrick, the head master, a most distinguished position among educational institutions of a similar class, Her Majesty's Inspector declaring that the attendance is more regular, and the number of scholars sent up for examination larger, than he has met with elsewhere in his district. The work commenced here by the father, has been maintained in its integrity by the son.

A BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT BROUGHTON.

IN this age of athletic exercises and muscular sport, the good old game of bowls maintains its position and popularity. It is upon record, that when the news came that the Spanish Armada was in sight, Sir Francis Drake and the Admirals were enjoying a game of bowls, and that they determined to finish the game first, and then proceed to sea and disperse the enemy. Of late years, the game has made great strides in this part of the country, and new private greens are formed in the suburbs almost every year. Of these, favourable specimens may be seen at Broughton, Stretford, Fallowfield, Greenheys, Mosesgate, and other places. In no portion of Great Britain is the game now better played than it is in Lancashire, and we question whether such good bowls are made anywhere as those which are produced by the Messrs. Royle, of this city.

When the waistband begins to require letting out, and the hair and whiskers begin to grizzle, with a tendency to an expansion of the paunch, then the game of bowls is found an agreeable alternative and substitute for the more trying exercises of cricket, boating, running, and other manly sports suitable for striplings and those in early manhood. It is a game peculiarly suitable for fogies. It promotes the action of the liver; it opens the pores of the skin; it produces a gentle simmering all-overishness, which is not incompatible with a modicum of good port after dinner, a bottle of palatable Bass, or a glass of the humble but pungent gin-and-water. Some ten years since Fogeydom was strongly represented in the Broughton Cricket Club, that is to say, there was a large portion of members who had no sport or entertainment provided for them, further than the occasional attending at matches, and shouting themselves hoarse at the good hits and bowling of the cricketing members. This, although a very agreeable duty and entertainment so long as it lasted, was not found to be sufficient, so, by the strenuous exertions of a few energetic fogies, a bowling green was made and opened to all members of the cricket club.

The annual tournament among the members of the Broughton Cricket Club Bowling Green came off on Saturday last, and the turf was in most excellent order. Few greens are equal to it in this neighbourhood. There were sixty-two players. Instead of handicapping them in the usual manner, by giving points, with a view to place all upon an equal footing, which plan affords no test whatever as to who is the best bowler, the players were on this occasion divided into three classes of equal numbers, all the members of each class being chosen who were supposed to be as nearly as possible equal in skill. The result was satisfactory, and some excellent bowling in each class was displayed. According to the play, the winners of the prizes, from their steadiness in all the games, were fully entitled to the honour which they received.

A bowling green, like other clubs, forms a little community in itself, and during the games it is amusing to see how the different temperaments of the members are elucidated. Some play the game sententiously and almost in silence, as if they were engaged in the most solemn and important business. Some, on the contrary, are careless and indifferent, and consequently a thorn in the flesh of their partners, who wax testy and impatient, commence nagging and worrying their partners, until these poor devils can't play at all. Others, again, are dejected, and have no faith in themselves, while others are boisterous, make a tremendous noise during the game, take to boasting and bragging, and affirm that every bowl as it leaves their hand will go right up to the jack, although in five cases out of six, it lands five or six yards off. Of course if a collision takes place with some other bowl, that identical "wood," would invariably have been the winner. Nothing could have prevented that.

The usual cries heard up and down the green while several games are going on, are diverting enough. "It's short. No it isn't. Yes it is. I tell you it wins. It does. No it doesn't. By jingo, it's over! Confound the wood, it doesn't pull an inch. It ought to narrow. No, it falls. There's the winner. It's a fluke, I tell you, it's a fluke," and so on.

The attitudes of bowlers are of infinite variety. Some stand erect, and, rivetting their eyes upon the distant block or jack, come down with a swing and sweep of the arm, which you would think would send the bowl right off the grass, and to your surprise, by a long circuitous route, it arrives with unerring accuracy within a few inches of the mark. Others squat down on their haunches, and deliver the bowl in that not very elegant attitude, while others, who find a difficulty in stooping, bump it down upon the ground in a manner which affords matter for astonishment that it ever reaches its destination at all. It does, nevertheless, and there are good bowlers with all manner of styles. Some bowlers follow up their "wood," until it reaches the jack, covering the line of sight from their opponents. Some dart after their bowl at full speed, as if they were running against it for a wager. Others keep twisting their bodies, and screwing their necks, with every turn and variation of the bowl in its course, as if by some sort of magnetism they could compel it to go wherever they chose. Dr. Dalton was a great lover of the game of bowls, and when playing with his club at Tattersall's, Old Trafford, he used invariably, after delivering his bowl, to seize hold of one of his coat tails with one hand, and with the other keep twisting and twisting it, as if he was wringing a wet cloth or making ropes. Beards and moustachios have become serviceable to bowlers, as during the progress of the bowl to its destination, the bowler seizes these hirsute appendages, and keeps pulling and tugging at them, as if success depended upon his efforts in that direction. As at most bowling greens, it is the custom at Broughton, although not an absolute rule, to play on ordinary occasions in games of two on each side, for a small coin of these realms, a large portion of which, at the present time, is much defaced. This prevents carelessness and enhances the interest of the game. As a north country man once remarked to us, "Sir, if you play whist for nothing there is not much excitement, but if you play long-whist for saxpence a rubber, the interest is intense!"

THE HAPPIEST MAN.—He who thinks himself so.

INSPECTION INVITED. (JOHN HOLME, 3, St. Mary's Gate. Sewing Machines.)

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle. Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

THE GERMAN CHURCH IN MANCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—The article on the German Church, in Greenheys, in your last number, contains a few mis-statements, no doubt unintentionally made, which I should be glad, with your permission, to correct.

1. The presbyterium of the church, it is stated, "would appear to stand much in the same relation to the church in Wright Street as that which the consistorium bears to the state churches in Germany." A German consistorium is a government-appointed body, consisting of theologians and jurists (generally university professors and church dignitaries are chosen for it), and combining legislative with executive powers. There is, therefore, no resemblance between these two bodies—the presbyterium in Wright Street being something like the churchwardens or the deacons in English churches or chapels.

2. A distinction is drawn between the liberty enjoyed by a German clergyman abroad, and that of an English clergyman away from home, and it is represented as if only the former were allowed to think and to teach "according to the dictates of his own conscience." Such distinction does, in reality, not exist. Of course, every clergyman is expected to teach according to the dictates of his conscience, but if he is a member of the German Protestant Church (be it the Lutheran, the Reformed, or the United section of it), he is bound by the Augsburg Confession, just as a clergyman of the Church of England is bound by the thirty-nine articles. If the conscience of the former dictates anything against the Augsburg Confession, he is at liberty to teach it, but, *ex ipso*, he ceases to belong to the German Church, and exactly the same liberty enjoys any English clergyman abroad.

3. It is said the German Church in Wright Street represents the United Evangelical section of the German Protestant Church. The writer could not have seen the printed confession of faith of the Rev. H. E. Marotzky, for if he had, he would have seen that the teaching in Wright Street (whatever its value—I do not pronounce upon that), represents no section of the German Protestant Church, but stands for itself on altogether independent ground.

4. The writer makes an incidental remark on the German Church in Park Street which might mislead those who do not know the place. He says that there the gospel is preached unto the poor Germans, and to this I do not object, though it is invidious to brand *any* place of worship as one for the poor only—and certainly the place could not have been established for the poor only, for when the services commenced, seventeen years ago, they were the only ones for Germans in Manchester, rich and poor alike. The article goes on to say that in Park Street "a religious service is performed and a sermon preached suited to their capacities and tastes." That the sermon is adapted to the capacities of the audience is true enough, and as it should be (would that it were so in every church!) but that the sermon is also adapted to *the taste* of the audience, I feel, in common fairness, bound to deny, for, as often as I have attended these services, I have found the preaching invariably of an evangelical character, not pandering to peculiar tastes, but abiding by the simple words of the Bible.—I enclose my card, and sign myself,

A GERMAN,

who, though not a member of either of the German churches, takes an interest in both.

July 1st, 1869.

CONFORMITY.

[FROM "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."]

IF you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity, take a European hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute each wearing one of these hats in order to please the rest. Similar instances in dress will occur to my readers. Some of us are not skilled in such affairs; but looking at old pictures, we may sometimes see how modern clothes have attained their present pitch of frightfulness and inconvenience. This matter of dress is one in which perhaps you might expect the wise to conform to the foolish; and they have.

When we have once come to a right estimate of the strength of conformity, we shall, I think, be more kindly disposed to eccentricity than we usually are. Even a wilful or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty commonplace conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity. It is worth while to analyse that influence of the world which is the right arm of conformity. Some persons bend to the world in all things, from an innocent belief that what so many people think must be right. Others have a vague fear of the world, as of some wild beast which may spring out upon them at any time. Tell them they are safe in their houses from this myriad-eyed creature: they still are sure that they shall meet with it some day, and would propitiate its favour at any sacrifice. Many men contract their idea of the world to their own circle, and what they imagine to be said in that circle of friends and acquaintances, is their idea of pulic opinion—"as if," to use a saying of Southey's, "a number of worldlings make a world." With some unfortunate people the much-dreaded "world" shrinks into one person of more mental power than their own, or perhaps merely of coarser nature; and the fancy as to what this person will say about anything they do sits upon them like a nightmare.

Happy the man who can embark his small adventure of deeds and thoughts upon the shallow waters round his home, or send them afloat on the wide sea of humanity, with no great anxiety in either case as to what reception they may meet with! He would have them steer by the stars, and take what wind may come to them. And in all things a man must beware of so conforming himself as to crush his nature, and forego the purpose of his being. We must look to other standards than what men may say or think. We must not abjectly bow down before rules and usages, but must refer to principles and purposes. In few words, we must think, not whom we are following, but what we are doing. If not, why are we gifted with individual life at all? Uniformity does not consist with the higher forms of vitality. Even the leaves of the same tree are said to differ, each one from all the rest. And can it be good for the soul of a man, "with a biography of its own like to no one else's," to subject itself without thought to the opinions and ways of others: not to grow into symmetry, but to be moulded down into conformity?

"Act not that folly o'er again!"

Longfellow.

Act not that folly o'er again—
No more a heavy hat procure—
No more such never-ceasing pain—
Such heat and want of fit endure!
Act not that folly o'er again,
But crown thyself with perfect ease—
A light and yielding hat obtain,
Such as are but supplied at Gee's!"

JAMES GEE, Fashionable Hatter,
13, Market-street,

The Largest Establishment in Manchester.
Sole Agent for Woodrow's Patent Prize Medal Hats. Ladies' Riding, Gentlemen's Hunting and Fishing Hats, Deerstalkers', &c.; Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valise, Racecourse Bags, &c.; Mackintoshes, Umbrellas, &c. The Stethoscope Holder for the Hat. Le Conformateur used at this establishment.

Amusements.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS
BELLE VUE,
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

Messrs. DANSON & SONS'
Grand Representation of the
FALL OF MAGDALA,
Amidst Gorgeous Display of Fireworks, Every
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.

Belle Vue MILITARY BAND every day from 3 p.m.

The extensive collection of Animals and Birds, Museum, Maze, Boats, and Steamers, and all the other attractions daily.

Admission, 6d.; after 4 p.m. 1s.; Saturdays, 1s. after 5 p.m.—Music Hall open each gala day, as usual.

POMONA PALACE.
OPEN DAILY.

THE PALACE MILITARY BAND,
which has been secured at considerable expense, and is selected from Halle's, Crystal Palace, and Leeds Exhibition, and principal orchestras in England, will perform every day

SELECT MUSIC
from the great composers, including Mozart, Auber, Rossini, Bellini, Balfe, Jullien, A. Mellon, &c., commencing at three o'clock.

DANCING on the MONSTRE PLATFORM,
AND IN THE PALACE.

ADMISSION 6d. NO EXTRA CHARGES.
Sundays for Promenade. Admission 3d.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NOTTINGHAM RACES.
JULY 13th and 14th, 1869.

THE following Service of TRAINS run between MANCHESTER and NOTTINGHAM, by the MIDLAND COMPANY'S Direct Route, viz.:—

MANCHESTER TO NOTTINGHAM.

MANCHESTER (LONDON ROAD), *dep.*—6-55, 7-10, 9-45, 11-25, 1-0, 3-30, 5-30, 6-20.
GUIDE BRIDGE, *dep.*—7-5, 7-23, 9-55, 11-40, 1-10, 3-40, 5-40, 6-33.
NOTTINGHAM, *arr.*—9-15, 10-50, 12-5, 3-10, 3-50, 5-55, 7-50, 10-30.

NOTTINGHAM TO MANCHESTER.

NOTTINGHAM, *dep.*—7-10, 7-50, 9-25, 11-30, 12-25, 2-40, 5-50, 7-20.
GUIDE BRIDGE, *arr.*—9-55, 11-31, 12-4, 2-30, 2-50, 4-55, 7-55, 9-30.
MANCHESTER (LONDON ROAD), *arr.*—10-5, 11-45, 12-15, 3-40, 3-0, 5-5, 8-5, 9-40.

First and Second Class Return Tickets between Nottingham and Manchester are available for two days, viz., the day of issue and the following day. Third-class Single Journey Tickets are issued between Nottingham and Manchester by all Trains.

A Cheap Excursion Train for one or two days will leave Manchester (London Road) on Tuesday Morning, July 13th. For particulars, see bills and other advertisements.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, June 30th, 1869.

The "HOWE" Sewing Machines. INSPECTION INVITED. (JOHN HOLME, 3, St. Mary's Gate.

The "HOWE" Sewing Machines. Agent, JOHN HOLME, 3, St. Mary's Gate.

Public Notices.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT OF EXPRESS TRAINS FOR BLACKPOOL.

The public are respectfully informed that a New Express Train now leaves Manchester for Blackpool at 4-30 p.m. daily, arriving at Blackpool at 5-45 p.m. This Train will leave at 1-15 p.m. on Saturdays.

A New Express Train also leaves Blackpool for Manchester at 8-15 a.m. daily, arriving at Manchester at 9-30 a.m.

Superintendent's Office, Victoria Station,
Manchester, July 8th, 1869. By order.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—NINE HOURS AT THE SEASIDE. — SOUTHPORT, WATERLOO, BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, AND FLEETWOOD. — This Company is now prepared to make SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for the Conveyance, at Low Rates, of Mill Hands, Members of Mechanics' Institutions, Provident and other Societies, Sunday and Day Schools, &c., to any of the above delightful Watering Places. Parties guaranteeing 300 Passengers can secure a Special Train for the day.

Particulars of Fares, and any other information, may be obtained at the Office of the undersigned.

HENRY BLACKMORE, Superintendent.
Victoria Station, Manchester, June 7, 1869.

Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway.

EXCURSION SEASON, 1869.

THE following CHEAP TRIPS will be run EVERY SATURDAY and MONDAY until further notice, from New Bailey Street, Oldfield Road, and Pendleton Stations, to

SOUTHPORT, LYTHAM, BLACKPOOL, BELFAST, WINDERMERE, GRANGE, FURNESS ABBEY, CONISTON, PENRITH, and KESWICK. Returning within 8 days; Belfast 15 days.

EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, from New Bailey Street, Oldfield Road, and Pendleton Stations, to

LIVERPOOL, ISLE OF MAN, AND DUBLIN,

Returning from Liverpool same day. Isle of Man within one calendar month, and Dublin 15 days.

EVERY SATURDAY and WEDNESDAY, until September 29th, from Victoria and Miles Platting Stations, to

HARROGATE AND SCARBORO'.

On SATURDAYS ONLY to WHITBY, FILEY, and BRIDLINGTON, returning within 9 days.

EVERY DAY (Sundays excepted) until further notice, from Victoria, Miles Platting, and Newton Heath Stations, to LITTLEBORO', for

HOLLINGWORTH LAKE,

Returning same evening.

EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, from Victoria Station, to

WHALLEY, CLITHEROE & CHATBURN,

Returning same evening.

For times of departure, fares, and full particulars, see bills.

Superintendent's Office, Victoria Station.
Manchester, July 1st, 1869. By order.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY to MONDAY AT MATLOCK.

Every Saturday until October 30th, 1869,

RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations, to MATLOCK-BATH, by the Midland Company's New Route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday, available for return by any Train on the following Sunday or Monday.

STATIONS.	FARES.	
	1st Class.	2nd Class.
MANCHESTER - - - - -	9s. 6d.	7s. 0d.
GUIDE BRIDGE - - - -	9s. 0d.	6s. 6d.
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Sta.)	8s. 6d.	6s. 0d.

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, June 25th, 1869.

JOHN KEBLE.—It is proposed to erect a memorial tablet to the author of the *Christian Year* in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. The tablet has been designed by Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., and will include a medallion likeness of Keble, by Mr. Woolner, sculptor. Men of all political and ecclesiastical tendencies signed the application to the Dean of Westminster. Among them are Lords Stanhope, Russell, and Lyttleton, Mr. Gladstone, the Laureate, and Mr. Robert Browning.

MR. TENNYSON'S POEM.—The subject of Mr. Tennyson's new poem is the Quest of the Holy Grail. The Grail was a vessel made out of a pure emerald, belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, which was used at the Last Supper, and which contained Christ's blood. It was kept in a palace, and guarded by knights and ladies. Wherever it appeared, it bestowed all that was needed for the body, and salvation for the soul, but none were admitted to its presence save the pure and the devoted. It was in quest of this that Percival, Gawain, and the other knights of the old romance, set out in search. Tennyson's poem describes the effect which the sight of the Grail has on each knight. Mr. Tennyson is at present in Switzerland.

The ARCHITECT of BIRCH CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In a late number of the *Sphinx*, you hazarded a guess that the architect of Birch Church was Mr. George Gilbert Scott. As no one has corrected the error hitherto, you will perhaps do so in your next impression. Birch Church was designed by Mr. Derrick, of Oxford, a young man whose career was cut short by consumption, after he had given to the world Birch Church, and St. Saviour's, Leeds, equally a masterpiece, in its way. Mr. Scott's contemporary work in the same style may be seen in Holy Trinity Church, Hulme—an instructive contrast to Birch Church, and one which I imagine Mr. Scott would now be heartily ashamed of.—Yours,

H.

AN EXPERIMENT AT THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Last month and this, several evening classes have been formed and held at the Free Grammar School. Mr. George Candy, M.A., teaches Greek, Latin, and French; Mr. T. S. Aldis, M.A. (second wrangler, 1866) Astronomy and Physical Geography; and Mr. L. Pritchard Mechanical and Geometrical Drawing. Each teacher gives two evenings a week, the lessons varying from an hour to an hour and a half. We have called the effort an experiment, but we believe it is intended by the promoters to be a permanent institution, and at any rate they seem determined to give it a fair trial. No criterion of the ultimate success of the classes can be gathered from the results yet obtained, because as a test the summer months are obviously the worst in the year. In October, when the classes are to be resumed, the promoters will doubtless begin to reap the reward of their endeavour. The fees, it may be noted, are extremely, almost absurdly, moderate.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—In the passage from Shakespere on Heronry and Knighthood, the word "jowl," in the seventh line, should be "fowl." And in the article on the *Athenæum*, when speaking of its establishment by J. Silk Buckingham, the sentence ought to read:—"It soon earned the name of the *Assinæum*, and struggled on," &c.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.---Stand No. 362.

LADIES are invited to inspect the Specimens of French and English MUSLINS, COTTON LUSTRES, SILKS, and SATINS, which have been washed in

W. B. BROWN & Co.'s New Patent Preparation for Cleansing delicate Fabrics,

which, while strengthening the fibre, improves and fixes the colors in all materials.—**Canisters One Shilling each, may be had at the Show.**

ANDREW GIBB & CO.,

59, 61, 63, and 65, DEANSGATE,

Are NOW SHOWING their New Purchases of SPRING GOODS,

Which have been carefully selected from the best Manufacturers in France, England, and Scotland.

ANDREW GIBB & CO.

Have been appointed AGENTS for Lancashire for the

"EXPRESS" SEWING MACHINE,

The latest Invention, and decidedly the best in the trade. A really well-made and thoroughly-reliable Sewing Machine, Simple, Swift, Silent, and Effective. Will hem, fell, gather, braid, bind, quilt, tuck, sew from the finest linen to the very stoutest cloth, and do the entire work for a family. Price, including Hemmer, Braider, complete Set of Tools, six extra Needles, two Spoolers, and Portable Box with handle, £4. 4s. Table and Stand, with Treadle complete, 25s. extra.

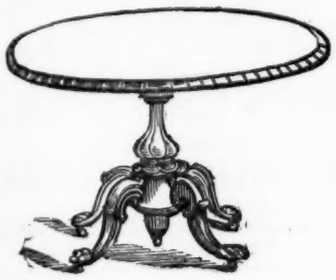
ANDREW GIBB & CO., Silk Mercers and General Drapers, 59, 61, 63, and 65, Deansgate.

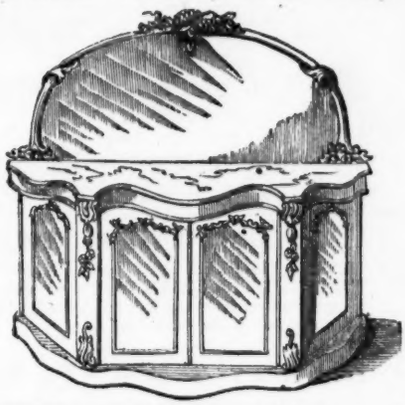
R. H. GIBSON,

COMPLETE

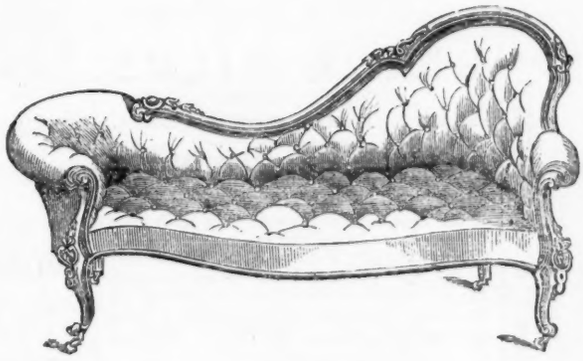
HOUSE FURNISHER,

90 TO 96, STRETFORD ROAD, AND 78, OLDHAM-ST.





GIBSON'S DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Lounge, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, covered in rich Rep, 10 Guineas; Loo Table, 3 Guineas, and Chiffonier, with Glass Back and Glass Doors, 5 Guineas, in Rich Italian Walnut. All complete, 18 Guineas.



YORKSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Established 1824.
JOHN NELSON, 61, Piccadilly, AGENT.

CAN YOU SWIM? NO!
Go to POULTON, Leaf-street Baths.
Established 1858. All kinds of Swimming taught.

VELOCIPEDES!
THE new French and American Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, warranted to go 15 miles in the hour; light and easy. Can be had at
ARCHER & Co.'s Iron and Wire Works,
Clowes-st., near Trinity Church, Salford.
A Large Room for practising. Instructions given to purchasers.

A First-class BOWL of OX TAIL, 4d.
109, OLDHAM STREET.

WHERE can I get a first-class DINNER?
109, OLDHAM STREET.

WHERE can I get a first-class TEA?
109, OLDHAM STREET.

WHERE can I get a Tender CHOP and STEAK?—109, OLDHAM STREET.

ICE, ICE, ICE.
Families can be supplied at the rate of 6s. per cwt.
Small quantities, 1d. per lb., at
T. MUIRHEAD'S, Wenham Lake Ice Stores,
30, VICTORIA STREET.

VELOCIPEDES
Of the Best Material, Latest Designs, and Best French Saddles, with a Large Room for Practice, at
KERSHAW'S, Store Street, Ancoats.

CONSTANTINE'S TURKISH BATHS,
for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S RUSSIAN BATHS,
for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S VAPOUR BATHS,
for Rheumatism and Colds.
23, OXFORD STREET, ST. PETER'S.

The Public may always depend on getting
GOOD TEA,
AT MODERATE PRICES,
At our TEA ESTABLISHMENTS, at the
CORNER OF OLDHAM STREET & SWAN STREET,
53, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER,
AS UNDER:—
Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
The Popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 3s.
Those Teas at 3s. 4d. and 3s. 6d. are very fine flavoured.
Our Best Black Tea at 4s. is specially selected for our trade.
WM. SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT

MORRIS & BROWN,
AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS,
13, South King-street, Manchester.
D. ALOZZO MORRIS.
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